Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleaſed?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me ſir.
Per. Euen as my life, or blood that foſters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieſty.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the loſſe of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, Ile plaine with ſpeech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a meſſenger meetes them, kneeles, and giues Pericles a letter, Pericles ſhewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thayſa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurſe, the King ſhewes her the Letter, ſhe reioyces: ſhe and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and high expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from *Tyre*,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LIB